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Kusuma-keli-kalpataru
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Prologue

(from Śrī Jagannātha-vallabha-nāṭaka, Śrī Rāmānanda Rāya)

kṛṣṇaḥ: sakhe paśya paśya | kenāpy akaruneṇa bhagnāni navāśoka-pallavāni
cetaḥ khedayanti |

**Kṛṣṇa: Friend, look! Look! Some merciless person broke these new aśoka
twigs! That troubles My heart!**

vidūṣakaḥ: bho vayasya mayā dāsyā putrikā gopikā atra kusumāni āharanti | tvam
api tata eva idaṁ vṛndāvanam na muñcasi |

**Vidūṣaka: Friend, I heard some low-class gopis are picking flowers here.
(Jokingly) That is why You never leave Vṛndāvana!**

Svayam-utprekṣita-līlā
(from Stava-mālā, Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī)

śyāmala-sundara-sauhṛda-baddhā
kāmita-tat-pada-saṅgatir addhā |
dhairyam asau smara-var dhita-bādhā
prāpa na mandira-karmaṇi rādhā ||1||

Bound with love for dark-complexioned Kṛṣṇa, filled with longing to touch His feet, and overwhelmed with amorous desires, Rādhā could not find peace in Her household duties.

taṁ kamalekṣaṇam īkṣitukāmā
sā cchalataḥ savyam ujjhita-dhāmā |
yāmuna-rodhasi cāru carantī
dūram avindata sundara-dantī ||2||

Yearning to see lotus-eyed Kṛṣṇa, on a certain pretext She, who had very beautiful teeth, left the house, and gracefully wandering along the Yamunā's bank, searching for Him.

prāpyodārām parimala-dhārām
kaṁsārāter udayati vāte |
seyaṁ dattā diśi diśi yattā
dṛṣṭiṁ kamrām akirad anamrā ||3||

Finding a flood of Kṛṣṇa's fragrance in the breeze, She became maddened and, with head raised, earnestly cast Her beautiful glances in every direction.

bhṛṅgīveyaṁ tam aparimeyaṁ
mugdhā gandhaṁ hṛdi kṛta-bandham |
vyagra-prāyā pulakita-kāyā
premodbhrāntā drutam abhiyātā ||4||

Trapping that boundless fragrance in Her heart, overwhelmed with love and the hairs of Her body erect with joy, the beautiful girl, like a bee, followed it.

kṛṣṇam avekṣya tataḥ parituṣṭā
puṣpa-gaṇāhṛti-kaitava-juṣṭā |
manthara-pāda-saroruha-pātā
kuñja-kuṭīra-taṭīm upayātā ||5||

Seeing Kṛṣṇa, She became very happy. Pretending to gather flowers, Rādhā, whose feet are like lotus petals, slowly entered a forest bower.

sā pṛthu-vepathu-dolita-hastā
prema-samutthita-bhāva-vihastā |
phulla-mahīruha-maṇḍala-kānte
tatra puraḥ prasasāra vanānte ||6||

Overwhelmed with ecstatic love and Her hands violently trembling, She went to the edge of the forest, where Her lover was standing among many blossoming trees.

mādhavas tām tad ālokayan rādhikām
vallavī-vargataḥ sad-guṇenādhikām |
keyam udbādhate mad-vanaṁ rāgatas
tūrṇām ity ullapan phulla-dhīrāgataḥ ||7||

Seeing Rādhikā, the most virtuous of the gopīs, and saying, “Who is this girl so suddenly come to My forest?”, Mādhava, filled with passion, and His heart blossoming with happiness, quickly approached Her.

bhāla-vidyotita-sphīta-go-rocanam
pārśvataḥ prekṣya tam vibhramal-locanam |
sā paṭenāvṛtā kaitavād bhāminī
vakrita-bhrūr abhūd dūra-bhū-gāminī ||8||

From the corners of Her restless eyes seeing Him, whose forehead was decorated with splendid gorocana, the passionate Rādhā, quickly veiling Herself and knitting Her eyebrows, on some pretext went far away.

līlodbhrāntaṁ muhur atha nudatī
netra-dvandvaṁ diśi diśi sudatī |
vīkṣāṁcakre dala-bharāvikaṭāṁ
mallī-vallīṁ taṭa-bhuvi nikaṭāṁ ||9||

Rādhā, who had very beautiful teeth, cast Her charming and playful eyes in all directions, and saw a nearby place beautiful with many blossoming jasmine vines.

tām unmīlad-bhramara-vilasitām
labdhā puṣpair upari kila sitām |
līnevābhūd vikasita-madanā
tasyāḥ prānte sarasija-vadanā ||10||

The girl with a lotus face went to that place, which was full of white flowers and playing bumble-bees, and, filled with amorous desires, hid in a corner, as if merging and becoming one with that garden.

añjasā vyāharat kañjasārekṣaṇas
tām asau sragviṇīm dāma-saurabhya-bhāk |
mādhurīm udgiran sādhu-rīty-ujjvalām
nūtanānandadām pūtanā-mardanaḥ ||11||

Then Kṛṣṇa, whose eyes are more beautiful than lotuses, who wore a fragrant garland, and who was very sweet and charming, spoke the following words to the splendidly graceful and delightful young girl wearing a garland of flowers.

bhaṅgurān aṅkurān nirdayaṁ chindatī
vīrudhaḥ komlodbhedinīr bhindatī |
āḥ katham luṇṭhasi tvaṁ mṛgāṅkānane

puṣpa-rājīm asau hanta mat-kānane ||12||

“Ah! Why do You mercilessly cut these tender sprouts? Why do You break these delicate vines? O moon-faced girl, why do You steal the flowers in My forest?”

sadātra cinumaḥ prasūnam ajane
vayaṁ hi niratāḥ surābhi-bhajane |
na ko’pi kurute niṣedha-racanaṁ
kim adya tanuṣe pragalbha-vacanam ||13||

Rādhā replied: “We always come here to this secluded place to gather flowers for the worship of the demigods. No one forbids us. Why do You speak these arrogant words?”

prasīda kusumaṁ vicitrya sarasā
prayāmi sarasīruhākṣa tarasā |
kriyādya mahatī mamāsti bhavane
vilambam adhikaṁ tanuṣva na vane ||14||

“Be kind! I happily picked one flower. O lotus-eyed one, I shall go at once. Today I have very important duties at home. Please do not delay Me any longer in this forest!”

niyuktaḥ kṣitīndreṇa tenāsmi kāmam
vanaṁ pālayāmi krameṇābhirāmam |
janaḥ śīrṇam apy uddhared yo dalārdham
harāmy ambaraṁ tasya vittena sārdham ||15||

Kṛṣṇa said: “Ordered by the king, I protect this beautiful forest and take away the garments and wealth of anyone who picks even a withered flower petal here!”

parijñātam adya prasūnālim etāṁ
lunīṣe tvam evaṁ pravālaiḥ sametām |
dhṛtāsau mayā kāñcana-śreṇi-gauri

praviṣṭāsi gehaṁ kathaṁ puṣpa-cauri ||16||

“I know that You have picked many flowers and leaves today. O golden-complexioned flower-thief, now I have You in My grip. How will You be able to go home?”

sa patiḥ piśunaḥ kupito’piśunaḥ
sadane mukharā jaratī mukharā |
caturā guravo bhavitā kuravo
vyasanaṁ puruṣeśvara kiṁ kuruṣe ||17||

Rādhā replied: “My husband is cruel, hot-tempered, and eager to find fault with Me. Talkative old Mukharā stays in My house. My superiors are all very intelligent and they will rebuke Me. O master of the flowers, why You create these difficulties for Me?”

jalajekṣaṇa he kulajām abalām
na hi duryaśasā racayādhavalām |
tarasā viramat-kiraṇaṁ taraṇim
divi paśya tatas tyaja me saraṇim ||18||

“O lotus-eyed one, do not blacken the reputation of this respectable girl. Look! The sun will soon stop shining in the sky. Please let Me go.”

jāne tava kaca-pakṣaṁ
sambhṛta-vara-mallikā-pakṣam |
urasi ca kañcuka-rājaṁ
dhruvam arbudha-mādhavī-bhājam ||19||

Kṛṣṇa said: “I know Your hair is ornamented with many excellent jasmine flowers and the regal bodice on Your breasts is certainly filled with millions of mādhavī blossoms.”

ehi tava kṣaṇa-mātraṁ

vicārayāmi kramād gātram |
tattve kila nirṇīte
prayāhi bhavanam taḍita-pīte ||20||

“Come here for a moment. I shall examine Your limbs, one by one. When I have determined what is the truth, O girl as golden as lightning, You may go home.”

na mudhā mādharma racaya vivādam
vidadhe tava muhur aham abhivādam |
gokula-vasatau svaram iva mūrtam
na kim u bhavantam jāne dhūrtam ||21||

Rādhā replied: “Mādhava, please don’t waste time quarreling. Again and again I bow down before You. Why did I not know that, although in Gokula You seem to be the personified god of love, You are in reality a rogue?”

vetti na gopī vṛndārāmam
vṛndāvanam api bhuvi kaḥ kāmam |
aham iha tad idam kitava rasālam
katham avaceṣye na kusuma-jālam ||22||

“Who does not know that Vṛndāvana is the gopīs’ private garden? O sweet-talking cheater, why should I not gather many flowers here?”

nedam atra kalasa-stani śaṁsa
krodhano nṛpatir eṣa nṛśaṁsaḥ |
tena hanta vidite vana-bhaṅge
yauvatham patati bhīti-taraṅge ||23||

Kṛṣṇa said: “O girl with waterpot-like breasts, please don’t talk in this way. The king is very cruel and short-tempered. Ah! When he hears that his forest been vandalized, the young gopīs will fall into waves of fear!”

tanvi geha-gamana-vyavasāyam

cet karoṣi śṛṇu ramyam upāyam |
atra matta-bahu-ṣaṭpada-vīre
līlayā praviśa kuñja-kuṭīre ||24||

“O slender girl, if You are determined to return home, then please hear My beautiful plan. First, go into this pastime forest bower which is protected by many intoxicated heroic bumble-bees.”

gokule kula-vadhūbhir arcitā
śīla-candana-rasena carcitā |
rādhikāham adhikāritām ataḥ
kim karoṣi may dhūrta kāmataḥ ||25||

Rādhā replied: “My name is Rādhikā, and I am worshiped by the respectable girls of Gokula. I am anointed with the sandal paste of My good reputation. O rogue, how do You have the right to order Me, according to Your whim?”

nākṣiṇī kṣīpa kuraṅgi sarvataḥ
sākṣiṇī bhava sakhībhir anvitā
mādhavaḥ kila dunoti mām asau
sādhavaḥ śṛṇuta bhoḥ śikhi-striyaḥ ||26||

“O does, please don’t move your eyes in all directions. With your friends, you must become My witnesses. O saintly wives of peacocks, please hear how Mādhava torments Me!”

bhrūlekhām kim arālām tvaṁ nirmāsi karālām
kim vā paśyasi vāmaṁ saṁrambhād abhirāmam |
diṣṭyā kānana-lolā helotphulla-kapolā
vṛttā tvaṁ hari-haste trātānyo bhuvi kas te ||27||

Kṛṣṇa said: “Why do You knit Your eyebrows in this ferocious way? Why do Your charming eyes cast crooked angry glances? O girl restlessly wandering in the

forest, why do Your cheeks blossom with disrespect? By good fortune, You are now in the hands of Hari. Who else can protect You?”

āruhya druma-vāṭīm muñcemām paripāṭīm
gehāntas tava sarvaṁ jāne bhāmini garvam |
nediṣṭaḥ kila bhūpaḥ so'yaṁ bhairava-rūpas
tasyāgre cala vāme colīm arpaya vāme ||28||

“Now that You have come to this forest, You should abandon any attempt to leave. O beautiful girl, I know that Your reputation at home is perfectly safe. The terrible king has now come near. O charming, contrary girl, give Me Your bodice and let's go to him.”

iti vacana-kadambais tatra narmāvalambaiḥ
skalad-amala-dukūlām prollasad-bāhu-mūlām |
aviśada-pada-baddhaṁ gadgadodgāra-naddhaṁ
kim api kim api jalpaṁ kalpyantīm analpam ||29||

smita-mudita-kapolām nirmitāpāṅga-dolām
vara-yuvatiṣu rādhām prema-pūrād agādhām |
sadanitalatikāntaryo nināyātikāntaḥ
sa harir alam abhiṣṭa-prāpaṇaṁ me kṛṣiṣṭa ||30||

May handsome Hari who, as Rādhā spoke many joking words, as the splendid garment began to slip from Her beautiful shoulders, as She spoke many crooked words in a choked voice, as a smile appeared on Her happy cheeks, and as She gazed at Him from the corners of Her restless eyes, led Her, who, among all the beautiful gopīs was filled with the deepest love, inside the cottage of blossoming vines, fulfill my desire.

Songs from Stava-mālā, Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī

Dhanāśrī-rāga

(This song is sung by Rādhā when, on Her way to perform the worship of the sun-god, She meets Kṛṣṇa on the path.)

na kuru kadhathanam atra saraṇyām |
mām avalokya satīm aśaraṇyām ||

“Please do not trouble Me here on the path. You see that I am a pious girl without any shelter.”

Refrain

cañcala muñca paṭāñcala-bhāgam |
karavāṇy adhunā bhāskara-yāgam ||

“O libertine Kṛṣṇa , let go of the border of My garment! I must go now to perform a sacrifice for the sun-god.”

na racaya gokula-vīra vilambam |
vidadhe vidhu-mukha vinati-kadambam ||

“O hero of Gokula, please do not delay Me. O moon-faced one, I bow down before You, again and again.”

rahasi bibhemi vilola-dṛg-antam |
vīkṣya sanātana deva bhavantam ||1||

“O ever-playful one, when I see You gazing at Me from the corners of Your restless eyes in this solitary place, I become afraid.”

Saurāṣṭrī-rāga

(In this song Rādhā describes Kṛṣṇa , who is blocking Her path in the forest, to Her sakhi.)

kuṭīlaṁ mām avalokya navāmbujam upari cucumba sa raṅgī |
tena haṭhād aham abhavaṁ vepathu-maṇḍala-sañcalad-aṅgī ||

**“Glancing at Me, passionate Kṛṣṇa kissed a bending new lotus flower.
Because of that hint, My whole body is now violently trembling.”**

Refrain

bhāmini ṛccha na vāraṁ vāraṁ |
hanta vimuhyati vīkṣya mano mama vallava-rāja-kumāraṁ ||

**“O beautiful girl, please do not ask again and again. Now that I have seen the
prince of the gopas, My heart has become enchanted.”**

dāḍima-latikām anu nistala-phala-namitām sa dadhe hastam |
tad anubhavān mama dharmojjvalam api dhairya-dhanaṁ gatam astam ||

**“When He placed His hand on a pomegranate creeper that bowed down with
two round fruits, the splendor of My piety and the wealth of My peacefulness fled
far away.”**

adaśad aśoka-latā-pallava-mayam atanu-sanātana-narmā |
tad aham avekṣya babhūva ciraṁ bata vismṛta-kāyika-karmā ||1||

**“When I saw Him bite a red aśoka blossom as He continually joked, I at once
forgot all My household duties.”**

Dhanāśrī-rāga

śuddha-satī-vrata-vittā aham atinirmala-cittā |
prathayasi sujana-vimuktaṁ narmedaṁ kim ayuktam ||

“I am famous for My vow of chastity and My heart is pure. Why do You speak these immoral jokes that the pious never say?”

Refrain

mādhava parihara me paṭam etam |
yāmi javena niketam ||

“O Mādhava, let go of My garments! I am going home at once!”

yadi jānāmy adhitīraṁ tvām atigūḍha-śarīram |
dūre sūra-sutāyām sāyaṁ katham upayāyām ||

“If I had known You would be hiding here on the shore, then how could I have come so far along the Yamunā at sunset?”

vidadhe bhavad avanāmam caritaṁ parihara vāmam |
vartma sanātanam ucitaṁ pālaya dhārmika-rucitam ||1||

“I bow down before You. Please give up these immoral acts! Please follow the eternal path that pleases the pious.”

Vasanta-rāga

Refrain

ṛturājārpita-toṣa-taraṅgam |
rādhe bhaja vṛndāvanaṁ-raṅgam ||

“O Rādhā! Please enjoy pastimes in Vṛndāvana forest’s waves of springtime happiness!”

malayānila-guru-śikṣita-lāsyā |
naṭati latā-tatir ujjvala-hāsyā ||

“The splendidly smiling vines are now dancing on the order of their dancing-guru, the Malayan breeze.”

pika-tatir iha vādayati mṛdaṅgam |
paśyati taru-kulam aṅkurad aṅgam ||

“Seeing the blossoming trees, the cuckoos are now playing drums.”

gāyati bhṛṅga-ghaṭādbhuta-śīlā |
mama vaṁśīva sanātana-līlā ||1||

“The wonderful, ever-playful bees are now singing just like My own flute!”

Dāna-vinoda

(The tax pastime from Śrī Caitanya-candrodaya-nāṭaka, Śrī Kavi-karṇapūra)

jayati jana-nivāso devakī-janma-vādo
yadu-vara-pariṣat svair dorbhir asyann adharmam |
sthira-cara-vṛjina-ghnaḥ su-smita- śrī-mukhena
vraja-pura-vanitānāṁ vardhayan kāma-devam ||15||

May Kṛṣṇa be all glorious and happy! He is known as the ultimate resort of all living entities, and as Devakī-nandana or Yaśodā-nandana, the son of Devakī and Yaśodā. He is the guide of the Yadu dynasty, and with His mighty arms He kills everything inauspicious for all living entities, moving and inert. His blissful smiling face always increases the lusty desires of the gopīs of Vraja.

api ca—
sampūrṇendu-mukhī saroja-nayanā koka-stanī kairava-
smāyā kambu-śirodhir-ambudhi-bhuvo garvasya sarvaṅkaṣā |
māṅgalyair iva vastubhir viracitā nāndīva vṛndāvana-
krīḍā-kautuka-nāṭakasya diśatu śrī-rādhikā vaḥ śubham ||16||

May Śrī Rādhikā, Her face like the full moon, Her eyes like lotuses, Her breasts like cakravāka birds, Her smile like a white lotus, Her neck like a conch shell, and Her beauty crushing Lakṣmī's pride, filled with all-auspiciousness, and like the auspicious introduction to this wonderful play of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes in Vṛndāvana, bless you all.

vartmānabhijñāḥ kila tāḥ kumāryo
na copayuktaḥ katamo'sti bandhuḥ |
dāna-dravotsikta-karaḥ karālaḥ
stambe ramo yatra sa megha-dhāmā ||25||

These girls don't know the road, they have no companion to guide them, and a terrible elephant dark as a rain cloud, his hands greedy for collecting tolls, waits for them.

madhurima-rasa-vāpī-matta-haṁsī prajalpah
praṇaya-kusuma-vāṭī-bhṛṅga-saṅgīta-ghoṣah |
surata-samara-bherī-bhāṅkṛtiḥ pūtanārer
jayati hṛdaya-daṁśī ko'pi vaṁśī-ninādaḥ ||32||

Glory to Kṛṣṇa's flute music, which bites the heart, which is the maddened chatter of swans in a lake of sweet nectar, which is the song of bees in a flower garden of love, and which is the roll of drums announcing a battle of amorous pastimes.

vitatir api girīṇām muñca tivrāśru-dhārām
pulakayati tarūṇām vīrudhām caiṣa vargaḥ |
vidadhati sarito'pi srotasas tam uccair
hari hari hari vaṁśī-nāda evojjihīte ||33||

The mountains shed tears, the leaves of the trees and vines stand erect in ecstasy, and the rivers are stunned. Ah! Ah! The music of Hari's flute has manifested!

(tataḥ praviśati kadamba-taru-kāṇḍa-kṛtāmbas tribhaṅgī-lalito muralīm
vādayan katipayaiḥ sakhibhiḥ saha śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ |)
śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ: sakhe ! ramyam idaṁ vṛndāvanasya saubhāgyam | tathā hi—

(Carrying a kadamba stick and playing a flute, charming, threefold-bending Kṛṣṇa enters with His friends.)

Kṛṣṇa: Friend, this is the great beauty of Vṛndāvana forest!

hasantī vāsantī valita-mukulo bāla-bakulo
viśokaś cāśokaḥ sulabha-vicayaś campaka-cayaḥ |
anāgaḥ punnāga-stavaka-kamanaḥ paśya sumanaḥ

kuṭīraḥ pāṭīra-śvasana-surabhir bhāti surabhiḥ ||35||

Look! The vāsantī vine smiles, the young bakula tree is full of new buds, the āśoka tree is free from sorrows, the groups of campaka trees are splendid, the pious punnāga tree bows down as if wishing to offer prayers, and this flower grove is filled with a fragrant breeze carrying sweet aroma from the sandal trees!

vayasyāḥ: bho vayasya ! tavedaṁ krīḍā-kānanam katham ramaṇīyam na
bhaviṣyati ?

Friends: Bho! Friend, why should Your pastime forest not be very beautiful?

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ: sakhe subala ! sakhe śrīdāman ! sakhe sudāman ! kusumāsava nāma
baṭuḥ priya-sakho me katham na dṛśyate ? tad etaṁ mṛgayata |

Kṛṣṇa: Friend Subala! Friend Śrīdāma! Friend Sudāma! Why do I not see My dear friend, the brāhmaṇa Kusumāsava? Please go and look for him!

Friends: As You order, we will search for him. (They search for Kṛṣṇa's friend.)

(praviśyāpaṭī-kṣepeṇa sambhrānto vidūṣakaḥ |)
vidūṣakaḥ: bho vayasya ! paritrāhi paritrāhi |
śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ: katham bhīta iva lakṣyase ?

(Tossing the curtain aside, Kṛṣṇa's humorous companion hastily enters.)

Vidūṣakaḥ: O friend, save me! Save me!

Kṛṣṇa: Why are you afraid?

vidūṣakaḥ: vayasya ! ekā yoginī jaratīva dṛśyamānā daivopasanna-lalita-bāla-
lalanāḥ pañcaśā vana-madhye ānīya gopīśvara-pūjanārtham kṛtārambhā dṛṣṭā,
tava puṇyenāham ūrvaritaḥ, mām gṛhītvā nūnam balim dāsyatīti mama bhayaṁ
jātam |

Vidūṣakaḥ: Friend, I just now saw an old yoginī leading through the forest five charming young girls to worship Lord Śiva. Only by Your mercy did I escape. They would have captured me and offered me to the deity. That is why I am afraid.

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ (vihasya): vayasya subala ! kim etat ?

Kṛṣṇa: (laughing) Friend Subala, what is this?

subalaḥ: jñātam iha-sthenaiva mayā | adya khalu gopīśvara-pūjana-kṛte guru-
jana-kṛte guru-nivāraṇe'pi mātāmahyāmahyācaraṇayā balato balato
harṣotkarṣataḥ svacchandato vana-gamanāya pravartayiṣyate rādhā | tatra tām
eva jaratīm ālokyā yoginī-bhrāntyāyaṁ baṭur bibhāya | vibhāyatā hi sā svabhāvād
eva devamāyeva |

Subala: I have been standing here, but I understand. Although forbidden by Her elders, with the permission of Her grandmother, Rādhā happily came to the forest to worship Lord Śiva. Seeing the old woman accompanied Her, and mistakenly thinking her a yoginī, this brāhmaṇa became afraid. Actually this woman is famous as the goddess Yogamāyā (Paurṇamāsī).

vidūṣakaḥ: hī hī yady evaṁ, tathāpi priya-vayasyasya haste nipatiṣyanti sarvāḥ |
yad gokula-vāsinīnām strī-kuraṅgīnām raṅgiṇīnām khalu priya-vayasya-guṇa-
gaṇo vāgurā-jālam |

Vidūṣakaḥ: Hee-hee! If that is so, then all these girls are about to fall into my dear friend's hands! My dear friend's glorious virtues are a hunter's trap to capture the beautiful does that are Gokula's girls!

nepathye: hanta ārye ! kena pathā gopīśvaram anusarāmaḥ, yataḥ—

A Voice From Behind the Scenes: Alas! O noble lady, by what path can we approach Lord Śiva?

viracayya sthāne sthāne dānam sa vana-gajo dhūrtaḥ |

karṣati sadāli-vargaṁ helā-kaṇḍūla-kara-daṇḍaḥ ||40||

Collecting tolls in different places and his hands itching for mischief, a wicked forest-elephant attracts many pious young girls in this place!

subalaḥ: vayasya ! phalitam asmad-vacaḥ |
kusumāsavaḥ: mayā yad uktaṁ vacanaṁ tat kiṁ na phaliṣyati ? tasmād alīkam
eva garvam udvahaṣi | (kṛṣṇaṁ prati) vayasya ! yūyam api tenodyamena tiṣṭhata |
śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ: ko'sāv udyamaḥ ?

Subala: Friend, my words have borne their fruit.

Kusumāsava: Will my words not also bear fruit? You carry a great burden of false pride! (to Kṛṣṇa) Friend, now You should prepare for this event!

Kṛṣṇa: What is the event?

kusumāsavaḥ: na śrutaṁ viracayya sthāne sthāne ity ādi yat paṭhitaṁ kintu vana-
gaja iti yad bhaṇitaṁ tad ucitaṁ eva | dhūrta iti yad bhaṇitaṁ tat tu mama
duḥkhākaram ?|

Kusumāsava: Did You not hear the words, "Collecting tolls in different places and his hands itching for mischief, a wicked forest-elephant attracts many pious young girls in this place"? The word "forest-elephant" is appropriate, but the word "wicked" brings me pain.

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ (vihasya sāvahittam): vana-gajo dhūrta iti kathaṁ te duḥkhākaram ?

Kṛṣṇa: (laughing and hiding His real feelings) Why does it pain you that a forest-elephant is called wicked?

kusumāsavaḥ: atra vane ko'paro vana-gajaḥ ?

Kusumāsava: Aside from You, is there another elephant in this forest?

punar nepathye:

avagāhya punar mārṅam sa vipine sahacaraiḥ kalabhaiḥ |
viharati dāna-vinodī hanta katham tatra gantavyam ||41||

Again a Voice from Behind the Scenes: Diving again onto the forest-path, this elephant enjoys the toll-collecting pastime with His friends. Alas, how will we go to our destination?

kusumāsavaḥ: vayasya ! vyaṁ kṣaṇam kuñje apavārya tiṣṭhāmaḥ, yāvad imā api
viśvastā bhūtvātrāgacchanti |
sarve: evam eva | (iti śrī-kṛṣṇena saha kuñja-praveśam nāṭayanti |)

Kusumāsava: Friend, let us hide for a moment in this grove. Thinking all is safe, these girls will come here.

Everyone: Let's do it. (With Kṛṣṇa, they enter the grove).

(iti praviśati pūjopakaraṇa-pātra-pāṇibhiḥ saha sahacarībhir
jaratyopagamyamānā pāṇḍu-patrāvṛtā nava-kiśalaya-śrīr iva śrī-rādhā |)
śrī-rādhā: sakhyaḥ gopīśvara-pūjanārtham sarva eva sambhāra ānītaḥ ?

(Beautiful as a newly-sprouted golden-flower bud, and accompanied by an old woman and Her friends holding articles of worship in their hands, Rādhā enters).

Rādhā: Sakhīs, have we brought everything we need to worship Gopīśvara Mahādeva?

sakhyaḥ: atha kim | kintu mlānam bhaviṣyatīti kusumam eva nāhṛtam, ita
evāvaceṣyāmaḥ |

Her friends: Yes. But we didn't bring the flowers. They would wilt on the way. We will pick them here.

śrī-rādhā: priyam me priyam, tad ehi avacinumaḥ | (iti nāṭyena puṣpāvacayanam
nāṭayanti |)

**Rādhā: You make Me happy. You make Me happy. Come, we will pick them.
(They collect flowers).**

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ (rādhām nirvarṇya): sakhe !
utkīrṇā kim u cāru kāru-patinā kāmēna kim citritā
premnā citra-kareṇa kim lavaṇīmā tvaṣṭraiva kunde dhṛtā |
saundaryāmbudhi-manthanāt kim uditā mādhyura-lakṣmīr iyaṁ
vaicitram janayaty aho aharahar dṛṣṭāpy adṛṣṭeva me ||46||

**Kṛṣṇa: (gazing at Rādhā) Friend, is this a form created by Kāmadeva, the king
of artists? Is this a wonder created by the painter Love? Is this a loveliness placed
by Viśvakarmā on a jasmine flower? Is this the goddess of sweetness born from
the churning of the ocean of beauty? Every day Rādhā fills Me with wonder as if I
had never seen Her before!**

athavā—
śautīryaṁ smara-bhūpater madhumado lāvaṇya-lakṣmyāḥ smayaḥ
saubhāgyasya vinoda-bhūr madhurimollāsasya hāsaḥ śriyaḥ |
advaitaṁ guṇa-sampadām upaniṣat kelī-vilāsāvaleḥ
keyaṁ locana-candrikā-caya-camatkāraś cakorekṣaṇā ||47||
(iti sasprham ālokeyati |)

**Is this Kāmadeva's chivalrous power, or the passion of spring, or maybe the
goddess of beauty's smile? Is this the pastime-place of good fortune, the sweetness
of bliss, or the impersonal Brahman, whose glories are described in the Upaniṣads,
or the pastimes of the goddess of playfulness? Who is this girl, whose cakora-bird
eyes cast wonderful glances, as if looking at the moonlight? (Kṛṣṇa passionately
looks at Rādhā).**

śrī-rādhā: ehi lalite ! lavaṇga-kusumam avacinumaḥ (iti parikrāmati |)

Rādhā: Lalitā, come. Let's pick these lavaṇga flowers. (She walks).

jaratī: eṣā lavaṅga-bāṭikāpi kṛṣṇasyātipreyasī | asyā nikaṭam mā gaccha | paścāt
tvām mocayitum na śakṣyāmaḥ |

Paurṇamāsī: This lavaṅga garden is very dear to Kṛṣṇa. Don't go there. If You do it we cannot rescue You.

lalitā: ārye, tvām pratibhūtvēna sañcārya vāyam ātmānam mocayiṣyāmaḥ | kā
cintā ? (iti sa-kautukam sarvāḥ kusumāvacayanam nāṭayanti |)

**Lalitā: O noble lady, under your protection we feel safe. Why are you worried?
(All the girls eagerly pick flowers).**

śrī-rādhā: lalite, paritrāhi paritrāhi, eṣa duṣṭo bhramaro bādhate |

Rādhā: Lalitā! Save Me! Save Me! This nasty bumble-bee is attacking Me!

sakhyah:
muktvā lavaṅga-latikām capalo madhusūdana eṣaḥ |
priya-sakhi, aniyata-premā tava mukha-gandhenāndho bhramati ||48||

**Her Friends: Dear sakhi, this fickle bumble-bee has left the lavaṅga vine and
is now circling in front of Your face, blinded by its fragrance.**

kṛṣṇaḥ (avalokya sa-sprham): sakhe, paśya paśya—
mukham anu nipatantam vārayantī dvirepham
bhaya-cakita-calākṣī nyan-mukhīyam kareṇa |
tam api tad-abhibhūtam kūṇitam bhrū-dhunīte
sa ca rujam abhininye jhaṅkṛtaiḥ kaṅkaṇānām ||49||

**Kṛṣṇa: (passionately gazing) Friend, look! Look! Trembling, Her frightened
eyes restless, and Her head turned down, She drives away with Her hand a
bumble-bee that flies around Her face. In the jingling of Her bracelets, this
bumble-bee has found only pain!**

kusumāsavaḥ: vayasya, ayaṁ avasaro'smākam | asmal-lavaṅga-kusumam eṣā
āharati | asya āharaṇaṁ raṇaṁ kṛtvā tvam āhara |

Kusumāsava: Friend, this is our opportunity. She is stealing our lavaṅga flowers. You should take the stolen flowers by force.

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ: evaṁ-vidham ālokanam evātisurasam | tathāpi priya-baṭor
vaco'nurodhena tathā kurmaḥ | (iti samupasṛtya sa-darpam |) ayi lalite,
durlalite'duḥ ke tava sāhasikya-śikṣām etām ? kas te mado mad-okasi vṛndāvane
kathaṁ svātantryam ālabhyate ?

Kṛṣṇa: This is sweet to see. Still, I must follow My friend's advice. (He approaches and arrogantly says) O wretched Lalitā, who taught you to be so bold? Are you mad? Why are you so wild and reckless in My abode, the Vṛndāvana forest?

vāraṁ vāraṁ eva me vanam āgatya gaty-anavasthayā tata ita itara-janīvad gātra-
garveṇa phala-kusuma-sumaṅjula-latā-viṭapa-bhaṅgam ācarantyaś carantyaḥ
parito'paritoṣaṁ mama janayanti | nayaṁ tiraskṛtya mām avajānanti ca
bhavatyāḥ | bhadram adya vilokitāḥ sthaḥ | ataḥ param asya phalaṁ bhujiyatām |

Again and again you come to My forest and wander aimlessly here and there, like ordinary girls proud of their beauty. You are destroying fruits, flowers, beautiful vines and forest groves, making Me very unhappy. You have acted improperly and insulted Me. Fortunately, today I noticed you. Now you will taste the fruit of your deeds!

jaratī: are kṛṣṇa ! kusumair eva etāsāṁ prayojanaṁ, na khalu phala-bhogārthaṁ
etābhir vana-madhye āgatam |

Paurṇamāsī: O Kṛṣṇa, these girls need flowers. They have not come to the middle of the forest to eat fruit.

kusumāsavaḥ: ārye ! vayasā saha tava buddhiś ca gatā | yataḥ phalaṁ aparādha-
daṇḍa iti na jñāsi |

Kusumāsava: Noble lady, your intelligence has gone with your youth. You don't understand that here the word "fruit" means "punishment for an offense"!

jaratī: brāhmaṇa-ḍimbha ! kṣīra-kaṇṭho'si tvaṁ kim jñāsi ? vicārehi
ko'parādhaḥ ? aparādha eva daṇḍaḥ | na khalu sārādhāsu asmāsu |

Paurṇamāsī: O brāhmaṇa child, the milk still clings to your throat. What do you know? Consider what is the offense here. An offender should be punished, not us, Rādhā's friends.

lalitā: aye baṭuka ! yuṣmad-vayasyo'sya vanasya kaḥ ?

Lalitā: Ayi! O silly child, what is your friend to this forest?

kusumāsavaḥ: lalite, adhikārī ayam |

Kusumāsava: Lalitā, He is the master (adhikārī) of this forest.

lalitā: bhavaty evaṁ nv etat | adhiko'riri yadi na bhavati, tataḥ katham asmat-
priya-sakhyā etasya vanasya etādṛśī avasthā ?

Lalitā: It is so. If He were not the great enemy (adhika-ari), how could our dear sakhi's forest be in such a sorry state?

kusumāsavaḥ: lalite, paṇḍitatvaṁ prakāśaya, bhavatu bhavatu, asmad-vayasya
etasya vanasyādhiko'riri eva | etad vanaṁ yuṣmat-priya-sakhyāḥ katham jātam ?

Kusumāsava: Lalitā, you are showing off how smart you are. So be it. So be it. My friend is the great enemy of the forest. How did this forest become your sakhi's property?

lalitā: upabhoga eva pramāṇam, anyathā katham niḥśaṅkam kusumāni
āharāmaḥ ?

Lalitā: She is the enjoyer of this forest. That is the proof. If it were not so, how could we pick flowers without any fear?

jaratī: satyam eva bhaṇitam lalitayā, mama naptryā eva etad vanam, yayā atra
devatā-rūpeṇa niyojitā ātmanaḥ parijana-rūpā vṛndā |

Paurṇamāsī: Lalitā speaks the truth. This forest belongs to my granddaughter. She appointed Her servant Vṛndā as goddess here.

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ (vihasya): ārye, vṛndā khalu tava naptryāḥ parijana-rūpā |

Kṛṣṇa: (laughing) Noble lady, is it actually so? Vṛndā is your granddaughter's servant?

jaratī: are kṛṣṇa ! atra kaḥ sandehaḥ ? saiva prcchyatām |

Paurṇamāsī: O Kṛṣṇa, how can there be any doubt? You may ask her.

kusumāsavaḥ (karṇe lagitvā): bho vayasya ! sā khalu etāsām eva pakṣa-pātinī |

Kusumāsava: (in Kṛṣṇa's ear) Bho! Friend, she is on their side. Don't believe her words!

subalaḥ: kusumāsava ! mā bhetavyam | lalite, mad-vayasyasya nāma mudraivātra
pramāṇam, yā khalu pratidrumam eva virājate |

Subala: Kusumāsava, don't be afraid! Lalitā, the mark of my friend's name is His proof. His name is on every tree!

lalitā: yady evaṁ tathāpi vayaṁ nāparādhyāmaḥ, sakalā eva latā mama priya-
sakhīnām akṣarāṅkitās tena khalu latāsu ko'dhikāras tava vayasyasya ? asmābhir
lavaṅga-latikānām eva kusumāni āhriyante |

Lalitā: Even if that is so, we have not done any offense. All the vines are marked with the letters of my dear sakhi's name. Is your friend the master of the vines? We have picked flowers only from the lavaṅga vines!

jaratī: lalite ! nirmañchanam te yāmi, bhadram eva bhaṇitam | kṛṣṇa, kasmāt
kalahāyase ātmano'dhikāre tiṣṭhantībhir etābhiḥ sārdham, mārgayasi yadi, tadā
mārgaya, mayaiva dātavyāni lavaṅga-kusumāni tvaṁ kasya na priyo bhavasi ?

Paurṇamāsī: Lalitā, I perform ārati to you. You have spoken well. Kṛṣṇa, why are You quarreling with these girls about the ownership of this forest? If You want the flowers, ask for them. I will give the lavaṅga flowers to You. Who does not love You?

śrī-rādhā (sa-sprham ātma-gataṁ kṛṣṇam uddiśya saṁskṛtena):
śyāmīkaroti bhuvanam vapuṣā dig-antān
pūrṇendu-maṇḍala-mayī kurute mukhena |
vācā sudhā-rasa-bhṛto vidadhāti karṇān
dṛṣṭyā nabho'mbuja-mayī kurute kim etat ||50||

Rādhā: (passionately says to Herself, describing Kṛṣṇa) With His body He fills the world with blackness, with His face He fills the directions with full moons, with His words He fills the ears with nectar, and with His glances He fills the sky with lotuses. What is this?

jaratī: kṛṣṇa ! naya kusumāni | (iti tāsām añcalataḥ kusumāny ādāya
kṛṣṇopakaṇṭham vikirati |)

Paurṇamāsī: Kṛṣṇa, take these flowers. (She takes the flowers from the end of the girls' garments and scatters them before Kṛṣṇa.)

śrī-rādhā (añcalena mukham āvṛtya kiñcit smitvā): āryayā kim kṛtaṁ ? deva-
pūjana-kṛte'vacitasya kusumasya īdṛśī avasthā kṛtā ?

**Rādhā: (covering Her face with the edge of Her cloth, She smiles slightly)
Noble lady, what have you done? How could you offer Him the flowers we picked
to worship Lord Śiva?**

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ (rādhām nirvarṇya sva-gataṁ): aho'tiramyatvaṁ vartate vasanāvṛta-
mukhāyāḥ | yataḥ—

**Kṛṣṇa: (aside, while looking at Rādhā) Ah! When She covers Her face with
Her cloth She becomes very beautiful!**

añjanī mṛga-dṛśo dṛg-añcalaḥ
pañjarastha iva bhāti khañjanaḥ |
leśa eṣa hasitasya dṛśyate
vastra-pūta iva candramo dravaḥ ||51||

**This doe-eyed girl's mascara-decorated sidelong glance is like a restless
khañjana bird in a cage! The little I see of Her smile is like liquid camphor filtered
through a cloth!**

lalitā: ārye ! atibhayākulāsi tvaṁ | kim iti cira-parīśrameṇa avacitaṁ kusumaṁ
naṣṭikṛtaṁ ? ka eṣo'sya vṛndāvanasya ?

**Lalitā: Noble lady, you should be afraid. Why did you ruin the flowers we
picked with great labour? What is He to Vṛndāvana forest?**

jaratī: lalite, samarthāsi tvaṁ kalahaṁ kartuṁ | alīka-garva-bhara-kaṇḍūlaṁ te
hṛdayaṁ, tasmāt kuru etair dhr̥ṣṭaiḥ saha kalahaṁ, ehi naptri ehi | (iti rādhām
ādāya gantuṁ pravṛttaḥ |)

Paurṇamāsī: Lalitā, you are good at quarrelling. Pride makes you strive for bold statements. Stay and argue with these arrogant boys. Come, granddaughter. Come. (Taking Rādhā, she is about to leave).

śrī-rādhā: ārye ! kva gantavyaṁ ? gopīśvaro na arcitavyaḥ ?

Rādhā: Noble lady, where are we going? We have not yet worshipped Lord Śiva!

kusumāsavaḥ: ārye ! atra vayasyasya dānaṁ vartate | kusuma-cauryaṁ tava mukhaṁ dṛṣṭā samarthitaṁ, dānaṁ dattvā sarvā gacchantu |

Kusumāsava: Noble lady, there is a fine you must pay to my friend. We have seen from your faces that you have stolen flowers. Pay your fine and you may all go.

jaratī: are brāhmaṇa-baṭuka ! kiṁ re dānam ?

Paurṇamāsī: O brāhmaṇa child, what is this "fine"?

kusumāsavaḥ: vayasya subala, bhāṇyatām |

Kusumāsava: Friend Subala, tell her.

subalaḥ: ārye, śrūyatām—
yogyaṁ matvā smara-narapatiḥ paśya dattvā prasūnaṁ
vṛndāraṇye nava-kula-vadhū-vṛnda-ghaṭṭādhipatye |
yatnād asthāpayad ayam imaṁ mad-vayasyaṁ yaśasāṁ
dattvā śulkaṁ vrajata sudṛṣo māstu śulko vivādam ||52||

Subala: Noble lady, please hear. Thinking him a suitable person, king Kāmadeva gave the flowers in Vṛndāvana forest to my glorious friend and also gave Him authority to collect customs duties from the pious young girls here. O beautiful-eyed girls, pay the fine and go. Don't do this dry arguing.

jaratī: bhavatu te vayasyo dānī, asmākaṁ kiṁ tena smara-narapater vaśā na
vayam |

Paurṇamāsī: Your friend collects fines. So be it. What is that to us? We are not subjects of king Kāmadeva!

kusumāsavaḥ: bhavati, vṛddhāyās tava kutra tasyādhīnatā ?

Kusumāsava: This is so. How could you, and old lady, be one of his subjects?

jaratī (sa-krodhaṁ): are dāna-yogya-padārtho yadi bhavati tataḥ śaṅkā kriyate |

Paurṇamāsī: (angrily) Wretch, only if one has done something wrong need he fear paying a fine!

subalaḥ: priya-vayasya ! svayam asyottaraṁ dīyatām |

Subala: Dear friend, please give the answer Yourself.

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ (sa-gāmbhīryaṁ): hanta bho ! śrūyatām—
ratnādyāṁ vaḥ kuvalaya-dṛśāṁ astu vā nāstu vastu
preṅkhole'smin bhuja-latikayor bhāga-dheyo vidheyaḥ |
maryādeyaṁ mama nigaditā kintu kintu ratnāny apīmāny
ānīyante puraṭa-putikām antarā darśayadhvam ||53||

Kṛṣṇa: (with gravity) Bho! Listen. Your lotus-eyed girls may or may not have many jewels and other valuables. Show Me their golden pitchers and give into the swinging vines of My hands some of the jewels they carry in them. That is the fine I ask.

sakhyaḥ: pūjopakaraṇasya pūṭikeyaṁ gopīśvarasya |

Her Friends: These pitchers have the things for Gopīśvara's (Lord Śiva's) worship!

kusumāsavaḥ: are, mūrkhāḥ ! ayam eva gopīśvara imam eva pūjayadhvam |

Kusumāsava: O silly girls! This is Gopīśvara (Kṛṣṇa, the lord of the gopīs)! You should worship Him!

sakhyaḥ: are mahā-kālo gopīśvaraḥ |

Her Friends: Ah, we are talking about Mahākāla (Lord Śiva, the great destroyer) Gopīśvara!

kusumāsavaḥ: are mahā-kālo kiṁ na bhavati, yasya ruci-paṭalaiḥ sarvam eva
vanam tamāla-varṇam kṛtam |

Kusumāsava: Is He not Mahākāla (very dark)? Because of His splendor, the entire forest became as black as a tamala tree!

sakhyaḥ: candraśekhara evārcitavyaḥ |

Her Friends: We worship Candraśekhara (Lord Śiva, who carries the moon on his head)!

kusumāsavaḥ: paśya paśya, eṣa candraśekharo na bhavati | (iti barhāvataṁsam
darśayati |)

Kusumāsava: Look! Look! Is He not Candraśekhara (whose head adorned with a peacock feather)? (He points to Kṛṣṇa's crown).

sakhyaḥ: vācāla, gaurīpatim pūjayiṣyāmaḥ |

Her Friends: Talkative boy, we worship the master of the fair goddess Gaurī!

kusumāsavaḥ: yūyaṁ gauryo na bhavatha ?

Kusumāsava: Don't you have fair complexions?

jaratī: are baṭuka, etāsāṁ patis tava vayasya iti tvaṁ jānāsi | tiṣṭha tiṣṭha, grāma-
madhye tava darśanam na lapsye ?

Paurṇamāsī: Child, you think your friend is the master of these girls? Stop! Stop! Didn't you see their husbands in the village?

sakhyaḥ: are vācāla, paśupatiḥ pūjayitavyaḥ |

Her Friends: O talkative one, we worship Paśupati (Lord Śiva, the lord of the helpless animals)!

kusumāsavaḥ: hanta bho etā dhenūr yaḥ pālayati, sa kiṁ paśupatir na bhavati ?

Kusumāsava: Bho! Kṛṣṇa protects these cows! Is He not Paśupati, protector of animals?

sakhyaḥ: evaṁ bhaṇata, yasya ete vayaṁ paśavaḥ, sa kiṁ paśupatir na bhavati ?

Her Friends: You say that. We are helpless. Why does He not protect us?

subalaḥ: bhavatu, vayaṁ sarve eva paśavaḥ | tena bhavan-mate ayam eva
paśupatiḥ | tadāyam evārcyatām | kiṁ ca, puṭikābhiḥ kṛtvā kiṁ nīyate | tad
darśayitvā sukhaṁ gamyatām | kim anena śuṣka-kalahena ?

Subala: So be it. We are all helpless. Because you know He is the protector of the helpless, you should worship Him. Show us what you are carrying in these pitchers and then you may go in peace. What is the use of this dry quarreling?

rādhikā: bhoḥ sakhyaḥ ! darśayata darśayata |
(sakhyas tathā kurvanti |)

Radhika: Ah, sakhīs, show them. Show them. (Her friends do that.)

kusumāsavaḥ (vilokya): ayaṁ mṛgamadaḥ, etat kuṅkumaṁ, etat kālāgurukaṁ,
etat candanaṁ, ayaṁ karpūraḥ, ayaṁ muktāhāraḥ | śilpa-kauśalena phaṇihāra
iva kṛtaḥ |

Kusumāsava: (looking) This is musk. This is kuṅkuma. This is black aguru. This is sandal paste. This is camphor. This is a pearl necklace artistically made in the shape of a snake.

jaratī: are, phaṇihārāḥ ! imaṁ baṭukaṁ daṁśatha |

Paurṇamāsī: O snake, bite this boy!

kusumāsavaḥ: ārye kālīya-mardana-sahacarasya me kutaḥ phaṇi-hārato bhayaṁ,
tasmād eteṣāṁ karaṁ dattvā gacchata |

Kusumāsava: Noble lady, why would my friend, the subduer of Kaliya and the destroyer of serpents, fear any snake? Pay the fine and go!

sakhyaḥ: bhavatu bhavatu | vayaṁ deva-pūjāṁ kṛtvā grhaṁ gacchāmaḥ | tatas
tava vayasyas tatra yadi gacchati, tadā yat śakyate, tad eva dātavyam |

Her Friends: So be it. We will worship Mahādeva and then go home. If your friend comes to us we will give whatever He asks.

kusumāsavaḥ: are dāsya duhitarāḥ ! ātmano'dhikāra-pradeśaṁ muktvā tava
grhaṁ gatvā mārgayiṣyati me vayasyaḥ | tasmāt tiṣṭhata tiṣṭhata ! (iti
pūjopakaraṇāny ādātum icchati |

Kusumāsava: O daughters of servants, must my friend leave His abode, go to your home, and beg from you? Stop! Stop! (He is about to seize the paraphernalia of worship).

lalitā: aye gopa-rāja-nandana ! deva-dravyāṇi etāṇi, evaṁ apavitrāṇi kartuṁ na
yuijante |

**Lalitā: O Nanda-nandana! The articles for worshipping the deity should not
be contaminated!**

rādhā: lalite ! anena spr̥ṣṭāny etāni katham devasya dātavyāni ? tasmāt muñca
muñca | gṛhaṁ gatvā anyopakaraṇaṁ ānīya devo'rcitavyaḥ | tasmāt ārye, ehi
gṛhaṁ gacchāmahe | (iti gantum icchati |)

**Rādhā: Lalitā, how can we offer to the deity what they have touched? Throw
it away, throw it away! We will go home and bring other things to worship
Mahādeva. Noble lady, come. Let us go home. (She attempts to leave).**

kṛṣṇaḥ (panthānam ākramya): ayi caturaṁmanyē, kva yāsi ?

**Kṛṣṇa: (blocking the path) Ah, You who think Yourself so clever, where are
You going?**

rādhā (sāvahitthāmarṣam): mūlam eva dattaṁ, kiṁ tasya dānaṁ mṛgayasi ?

Rādhā: (feigning anger) The fine is paid. What else do You want?

śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ (sa-hāsāmarṣam) kiṁ mūlaṁ dattam asti ? mūlaṁ tv etad eva
śrūyatām—

**Kṛṣṇa: (laughing and angry) What payment have You made? This is the price.
Listen.**

etat svarṇa-saroruhaṁ tad-upari śrī-nīla-nīlotpale
tat-pāścāt kuruvinaṁkandala-putē tatrāpi muktāvalī |
sarvaṁ dṛśyata eva kintu nibhṛtā yā hema-kumbha-dvayī
kiṁ vānyan nayase'nayeti tad idaṁ bāle vicāryaṁ mama ||54||

I see a golden lotus, two sapphire lotuses, and a pair of ruby jewel-cases holding two strands of pearls. All this I see. However, You are hiding two golden jars. What else are You hiding from Me?¹ O young girl, I should check it out!

rādhā: kas tvaṁ vicārasya ? na hy avicāreṇa vicāraḥ kartuṁ śakyate |

Rādhā: Who are You to inspect Me? You cannot acting like this, according to Your wish!

jaratī (dvayor madhyam adhyāsya saṁskṛtena): are yaśodā-mātar mā tarao bhava, lobhavatā hṛdayena katham ācarasi durvinītatvam | tattvaṁ te kathayāmi | yadi nirākula-kula-vadhūpadrava-drava-kathā kriyate, tadā na tena te bhadraṁ bhaviṣyati |

Paurṇamāsī: (placing herself between Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa) O son of Yaśodā, don't be like that! Why do You act as a villain with a greedy heart? I tell You the truth. If You do something that will create gossip about these pious girls, then it will not be good for You!

lalitā (sa-krodham upasṛtya saṁskṛtena):
kas tvaṁ bho nanu mādhabaḥ katham aho vaiśākha ākāravān
mugdhe viddhi janārdano'smi tad idaṁ brūte vanāvasthitiḥ |
mām govardhana-dhāriṇaṁ na dharaṇau vetti huṁ vardhanam
himsā he vṛṣahan bibharṣi tad-agma-dvāraiva govardhanam ||55||

Lalitā: (approaching Kṛṣṇa, she angrily says) Bho! Who are You?

Kṛṣṇa: Mādhava.

Lalitā: You are the month of Vaiśākha (Mādhava) personified?

Kṛṣṇa: O silly girl, know that I am Janārdana.

Lalitā: That explains why You live in the forest!

Kṛṣṇa: Who in the world does not know Me as the lifter of Govardhana Hill?

¹The golden lotus is Rādhā's head, the two sapphire lotuses are Her eyes, the two ruby-jewel-cases Her lips, the two strands of pearls Her teeth, and the hidden golden jars Her breasts.

Lalitā: O destroyer of Ariṣṭāsura, You have sinfully killed a bull!²

kusumāsavaḥ: āḥ, kuṭile durvinīte lalite, mama vayasyo duṣṭācāraḥ kṛtaḥ, tasmāt
tiṣṭha tiṣṭha |

Kusumāsava: Ah, crooked, wicked, Lalitā, my friend acts badly? Stop, stop!

subalaḥ (sa-parihāsamarṣam): hanta bhoḥ ! satyam etat |
vaktraṁ vo dvija-rāja-hirṁsi madirā-lole dṛṣau rociṣā
mūrtiḥ kāñcana-hāriṇī na viramo gurv-aṅganā-saṅgataḥ |
saṅgī pañcama eṣa pañca-viśikhaḥ śuddhis tathāpi ha vo
yan nāmāpy akhilāghanāśi sa param duṣṭo'smadīyaḥ sakhā ||59||

Subala: (with affectionate anger) Bho! Listen the truth. Your face does violence to the moon, the king of brāhmaṇas. Your eyes roll in intoxication. Your form robs gold of its splendor. You do not stop associating with Your guru's wife. You associate with Kāmadeva, who possesses five flower arrows. The holy name of my friend, which destroys all sins, is the only way to become pure. Still, You insist that my friend is wicked!³

tad vayasya, ghaṭṭa-pālā hi vinā dhr̥ṣṭāprakaṭanena svārtha-kuśalaṁ na bhavanti,
tad ātmanaḥ prakāṭaya śauṭīryam |

Friend, tax collectors who are not bold are not very successful. Therefore, now show Your power!

² In this exchange Lalitā deliberately misinterprets Kṛṣṇa's words. When He says He is Madhava, she interprets it as the name for the month Vaiśākha. When He says He is Janārdana (He who rescues the living entities from sufferings), she interprets it backwards as "He who torments the living entities". When He says He is Govardhana-dhārī (the lifter of Govardhana Hill), she interprets "vardhana" to mean "violence" and claims that He is violent to the cows (go).

³ Subala here claims that Rādhā has committed the five greatest sins: 1. Killing a brāhmaṇa (Because the moon is the king of brāhmaṇas, the beauty of Her face, which eclipses the moon, has killed a brāhmaṇa). 2. Intoxication (She is intoxicated by Kṛṣṇa's handsomeness). 3. Stealing gold (Her complexion robs gold of its splendour). 4. Association with the guru's wife (Guru means superior. Rādhā associates with Paurṇamāsī). 5. Illicit affairs (All this time She has been flirting with Kṛṣṇa).

(kṛṣṇo'ntarvartinībhūya rādhām pṛṣṭhataḥ kṛtvā sthitavatīm jaratīm kareṇa
nikṣipya balāt rādhā-paṭāntar-grahaṇam abhinayati | jaratī balān mocayitvā
rādhā antardhāpayantī svayam apy antardadhāti |)

(Placing Himself between them, Kṛṣṇa turns His back to Rādhā, with His hand pushes Paurṇamāsī, who is standing in front of Him, and tries forcibly to grasp the end of Rādhā's garment. Paurṇamāsī, freeing Rādhā by force, makes Her disappear and then also disappears herself).

tad idānīm etāvataiva sthitam nāṭyam | bhavati hi īśvara-līlaiveyam, na khalu
naṭa-rītiḥ |

Now the play ends. That is the Lord's pastime. It does not follow the ordinary rules of drama.

Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Kṛṣṇojjala-kusuma-keli
(from Stavāvalī, Śrī Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī)

sakhī-vṛndair vṛndārcitam uditā-vṛndāvana-padam
vinodenāsādyā priya-kusuma-pātrāṅkura-phalam |
harantyaṁ rādhāyaṁ dhvanibhir abhisāṅgamyā giribhṛd
dhṛtāṭopam tābhiḥ saha vivadamāno 'vadaḍ idam ||1||

One day, hearing Rādhā and Her sakhīs enter Vṛndā's forest named Vṛndāvana and happily pick their favorite flowers, leaves, shoots, and fruits, Giridhārī approached them and arrogantly quarreled with them in the following words:

rahaḥ pāṭacaryaḥ kuruta kim idam yauvata-madāt
sphuṭam yuṣmābhir me vipinam apaṇam nāśitam adaḥ |
ato vallary-arthe tanu-taṭim avaśyaṁ phala-kṛte
kucān vo luṇṭhāmaḥ kisalaya-pade cādhara-kulam ||2||

"My dear thieves, what are you doing in this solitary place? Intoxicated with youth, you are destroying My priceless forest! I have no choice but to arrest you for this. For the crime of breaking many creepers I will plunder all your charming bodies, for the crime of stealing fruits I will confiscate your breasts, and for the crime of picking many budding twigs I will imprison your lips!"

iti niśamya bhru-bhaṅgam avalokantyaṁ lalitāyaṁ anyāḥ sa-smitam ūcuḥ—
vadantyaḥ smo nūnam tava kiṭava satyaṁ hitam idam
vṛthāṭopam hitvā vraja jhaṭaṭi nandīśvara-puram |
na jānīṣe kim tam prakhara-lalitā-vikrama-taṭim
yayā te vānyāntaḥ kṣapitam asakṛt pauraṣa-yaśaḥ ||3||

Hearing these words, Lalitā knitted her eyebrows and angrily stared at Kṛṣṇa. One of the gopīs smiled and spoke the following words:

"O cheater! Please listen. We are speaking truthfully, and for Your benefit. Give up this false pride and go at once to Nandīśvara-pura! Don't You know the great power of harsh Lalitā, who has repeatedly destroyed Your fame in this forest?"

iti viśākhā-kathitam ākarṇya sa-darpābhinayaṁ kṛṣṇaḥ punaḥ prāha—
aho śiṣyā evaṁ hi kuruta dhārṣṭyaṁ mayi punar
yathā śrutvā krudhanty akhila-latikā-maṇḍana-varaḥ |
mayā kāmaṁ yatra praguṇa-guruṇā yat-karuṇayā
vitīrṇā vo dīkṣā na kila katidhā jaina-racitāḥ ||4||

Hearing Viśākhā's speech, Kṛṣṇa said with feigned pride:

"O disciples, don't be so bold with Me! Hearing your disrespectful words all the beautiful vines and cottages have become very angry. How many times, as Your pious guru, have I not mercifully initiated you in the Jaina-religion⁴?"

etan niśamya lajjayā kopam iva vivṛṇvatīṣu sarvāsu prasaṅgāntareṇa taṁ vijetum
viśākhā sa-nyāsam āha—
svayaṁ yo nirbandhād dhana-vitaraṇair loka-taṭibhiḥ
karoty ārāmaṁ yaṁ sa hi bhavati tasyaiva niyatam |
idam tu śrī-vṛndāvanam akṛtam anyair anudinaṁ
samānaṁ sarveṣāṁ katham iva tavaivādya bhavitā ||5||

When the gopīs heard these words they became angry and ashamed. Then Viśākhā spoke the following words to defeat with logic the arrogant Kṛṣṇa:

"If a man spends money and employs many workers to build a garden then that garden becomes his property forever. However, You did not create this forest. Why do You claim Vṛndāvana as Your property? Everyone has equal rights here!"

iti viśākhā-sa-nyāya-kathitam ākarṇya sa-darpābhinayaṁ śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ punaḥ
prāha—

⁴ Jain saints walk completely naked. "How many times have I left you without clothes after defeating you in the battle of Kāmadeva?"

akuṇṭhaṁ vaikuṇṭhe divi bhuvi ca rasāyāṁ śruti-gaṇaiḥ
pragītaṁ man-nāmnā vanam iti na yad vaḥ śruti-mitam |
na yuṣmad-doṣo 'smin prabala-mada-garvottaruṇatā-
tri-doṣi bādhiryaṁ pracuram akarod yat sphuṭam idam ||6||

**After hearing Viśākhā's words of logic, Kṛṣṇa spoke again with feigned pride:
"In Vaikuṇṭha, in heaven, on earth, and in hell the Vedas proclaim that this
forest is Mine and bears My name! Have you never heard that? It is not your fault,
for intense madness, pride, and youthful ignorance have made you quite deaf!"**

etad ākarṇya tiryag vilokayantī rādhā sa-smitam uvāca—
aye ced yan-nāmnāṅkitam iti bhavet tasya vipinaṁ
tadāsmad-vṛndāyā bhavati sutarāṁ eva kapaṭin |
yato 'sya nāmnaiva tri-jagati janair gīyata iha
svayaṁ ca śrī-svāmin bata tu na hi nāmnā kvacid api ||7||

**Hearing this Rādhā glanced at Kṛṣṇa with crooked eyes, smiled, and spoke
the following words:**

**"Ayi! O liar, if this forest is Your property, and if it is named after You, then
why in all the three worlds is this forest known as Vṛndāvana, and named after
our dear sakhi Vṛndā? O Svāmin, this forest is not named after You!"⁵**

iti rādhāyāḥ sa-yuktika-vāk-pīyūṣa-mattaḥ śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ sa-smitam āha—
iyaṁ lakṣmī-vṛndād api madhura-vṛndā mama vadhūr
bhaven no ced ārāt sa-śapatham imaṁ pṛcchata satīm |
śrutau yad dam-patyor na hi bhavati bhedas truṭir ato
dvayor nau nāmnaiva tri-jagati jano gāyati vanam ||8||

**Intoxicated by Rādhā's nectarean logic, Kṛṣṇa smiled and spoke the
following words:**

⁵ Here Rādhā, smiling, ironically calls Kṛṣṇa "śrī-svāmin" (master). "O master of Vṛndāvana, this forest actually belongs to My dear sakhi Vṛndā!"

"Vṛndā, who is more charming than many goddesses of fortune, is My chaste wife!⁶ I swear that it is so. If You do not believe Me, ask her. The Vedas say that there is not the slightest difference between husband and wife, therefore this forest is called after both of us in the three worlds!"

iti śrī-kṛṣṇasya vāg-amṛtam āpīya rādhā vṛndām prati nīcāir āha—
idaṁ vṛnde satyaṁ bhavati na hi kiṁ vā kathaya naḥ
puro lajjām hā hā katham iva tanoṣi priya-gaṇe |
ṛtaṁ cet tad-roṣa-cchalata iva gaccha kṣaṇam ito
yathā nānā-vādair vayam iha jayāmaḥ śaṭha-gurum ||9||

After drinking the nectar of Kṛṣṇa's words, Rādhā turned to Vṛndā and whispered:

"O Vṛndā, is this true or not, tell us! Ah, why are you ashamed to speak the truth before your dear friends? If this is true, then just go somewhere else, pretending to be angry, and we will somehow be able to defeat this guru of liars in argument!"

idaṁ karṇe tasyā nigaditavatīṣv āśu sahasaṁ
mṛṣā-roṣād eṣā cala-kuṭīla-cillī-kṣaṇa-taṭaiḥ |
alaṁ śoṇair eṇī-dṛg ati-kuṭīlāḥ prekṣya sakhi tāḥ
sa-garve govinde pariṣadi dadāv uttaram idaṁ ||10||

When Rādhā smilingly whispered these words to her, doe-eyed Vṛndā pretended to be angry and looked at her girlfriends with crooked eyebrows and red eyes. Then, in the gopī assembly, she gave the following reply to arrogant Govinda:

aye padmāṣaṇḍa vraja-nagara-bhaṇḍa vraja-vanād
itas tvaṁ ced icche rucira-vana-rājatvam acirāt |
sakhīsthalyāḥ ṣaṣṭhīm bhaja nija-vadhūṁ tām kila tadā

⁶ Kṛṣṇa smiles because He accepted a different meaning of the word "śrī-svāmin" – "the husband of the goddess of fortune".

yathā sā tuṣṭyā te badara-vana-rājyaṁ vitaratī ||11||

"O breeding bull of Padmā! O jester of Vraja! If You wish to become the king of the charming forest, then go without delay to Sakhīsthalī (Candrāvalī's village) and worship goddess Śaṣṭhī (Durgā) there! When she is pleased with You, she will give You a grove of badara trees as Your kingdom!"

tata itthaṁ tat-saundaryādi-stavanārabhaṭyā śrī gāndharvāyā vṛndāṭavyāṁ
svatām arpayantī tam upalabhya sollāsaṁ punar āha—
yad etad bimbatvāl lasati mukham asyāḥ kamalato
dṛśor dvandvaṁ cañcat-kuvalaya-mṛgānām iva cayāt |
udañcan-nāsa-śrīḥ śuka-nava-yuva-troṭi-valanāl
lasad-bandhūkebhyo 'pi ca ruci-ghaṭa-rājyad-adharaḥ ||12||

After this Vṛndā began to eloquently praise the beauty of Gāndharvā to Kṛṣṇa, establishing Her sovereignty over Vṛndāvana:

"The multitude of lotus flowers is only a reflection of Rādhā's face, and Her eyes are more beautiful than the trembling lotuses or the eyes of a doe. The beauty of Her raised nose is more charming than the beak of a young parrot, and the beauty of Her reddish glistening lips rebuke even the beauty of splendid bandhūka flowers."

aye dantāḥ kundāvalī-karaka-bījādi-racanād
api sphītā gītāḥ kumuda-vanato 'pi smita-lavaḥ |
śruti-dvandvaṁ muñjā-lalita-guṇa-puñjād api punar
lalāṭodyal-lakṣmīḥ subhaga-baka-puṣpād atitarām ||13||

"Ayi! Rādhā's teeth are more beautiful than kunda flowers and pomegranate seeds, and Her gentle smile shines brighter than a forest of white kumuda lotuses. Her ears are even more praiseworthy than the delicate strands of muñja grass, and the beauty of Her forehead surpasses the splendid baka flowers."

calā-cillī-vallī bhramara-vara-paṅkter api tataḥ
sphurañ-jambū-pakva-pracura-phalato 'py etad alakāḥ |

kacollāsaḥ sphurjan-mada-śikhi-śikhaṇḍād api madhau
pikottāna-dhvānād api param udāraṁ mṛdu-vacaḥ ||14||

"The vine of Her restless eyebrows is more beautiful than a swarms of black bees. The locks of Her hair shine like ripe glistening jambū fruits. Her braid is more enchanting than the tail of a maddened peacock. Her gentle speech is more resonant than the singing of the cuckoo in the springtime."

nitambaḥ śailānām api vipula-bhārād ati-guruḥ
kucau tuṅgau bilvādika-phala-kulād api ati-ghanau |
bhuja-yugmaṁ bhrājad-vratati-tatito 'pīha lalitām
lalāma-śrī-lomāvalīr api bhujāṅgī-tati-ruceḥ ||15||

"Her hips are heavier than mountains, and Her raised breasts are more firm than bilva fruits. Her arms are more graceful than shining vines, and the charming line of hairs rising from Her navel to Her breasts is like a glistening female snake."

varorū rambhālī-krama-racana-jṛmbhād api gatir
marālī-pālīnām api calana-raṅgān mṛdutarā |
pada-dvandvaṁ phulla-sthala-kamala-vṛndād api sadā
vadānyatvaṁ kalpa-druma-nikarato 'pi vraja-pure ||16||

"Her beautiful thighs are more attractive than banana trees. Her gait is more graceful than the movements of a flock of female swans. Her feet, which are more beautiful and softer than the forest of blooming land-growing pink lotuses, are always more generous than the desire trees of Vraja."

drśoḥ premṇā śāsvat kṣarad-amṛta-niḥsyanda-vitatis
tathā sveda-stomaḥ kanaka-jayi-varṣma-prapatitaḥ |
mano-gaṅgā-kṛṣṇā-vividha-sarasī-vṛnda-vicalat-
pravāhād apy uccaiḥ pulaka uta nīpa-stavakataḥ ||17||

"The nectar streams of love flowing continually from Her eyes, and drops of perspiration from Her body, which shines brighter than gold, are greater than the Mānasa-gaṅgā, Yamunā, and all other rivers and lakes. Her bodily hairs, standing on end in ecstasy, defeat the charm of bunches of newly-blossomed kadamba flowers."

alam gandha-snigdhā kanaka-giri-vandyā dyutir api
sphuṭat-phulla-campāvalī-kanaka-yūthī-nivahataḥ
api bhrājad-vakṣaḥ-sthalaṁ atula-simhāsana-kulād
api bhrāmyan-netra-kramaṇa-naṭanaṁ khañjana-gaṇāt ||18||

"Her splendid complexion is worshiped by the golden mountains, and Her body is more fragrant than a host of blossoming campa and golden yūthī flowers. Her breasts are more splendid than incomparable lion-thrones, and Her restless eyes are more charming than a flock of dancing khañjana birds."

paraṁ cāsyādīnāṁ vikasana-bharād eṣu kila sa
kvacin mānān mlāner bata bhavati saivaiṣv iha yataḥ |
ato 'syāś chāyaiva sphuṭam aṭavir itthaṁ khalu bhavet
kathamkāraṁ svāmin bhavatu bhavataḥ sāmpratam iyam ||19||

"O svāmin, this forest of Vṛndāvana is just a pale reflection of the splendor of Rādhā's face and other parts of Her body. How then can You claim that is is Your property?"

api ca—
mukhādīnāṁ padmādika-puru-padārthaḥ sama-rucaḥ
prapannāḥ sārūpyaṁ yad ati vilasanti sphuṭam ataḥ |
ajāṇḍe vikhyātā prakṛti-madhureyaṁ sama-guṇā
tataḥ śrī-rādhāyāḥ prakāṣam aṭavīyaṁ priya-sakhī ||20||

"The lotuses and other flowers here are as splendid as the face and limbs of Rādhā. In this world this forest is famous for being as sweet and charming as Rādhā. This forest is manifested from Rādhā, and it is the dear friend of Rādhā."

virājā-chāyātve prakāṣatara-sārūpya-valanāt
sakhīve 'pi krīḍāspadam aṭavir eṣā rasamayī |
sadaitasyā eva vraja-bhuvi bhavaty eva sutarām
yataś chāyā-sakhyoḥ sphurati na hi bhedaḥ kvacid api ||21||

"Because this attractive forest has a form like Hers it is manifested as Rādhā's splendid reflection and because it is the place of Her pastimes it is Rādhā's friend. In this way this forest in Vrajabhuvi is eternally Rādhā's, for no one sees difference between a girl and her shadow!"

ado vṛndā-nāndī-stava-rasa-bharaiḥ poṣita-vapuḥ
śriyā pūrṇe ghūrṇat-smara-naṭana-tṛṣṇā-taralite |
aho rādhonmīlan-manasija-mahā-nāṭaka-naṭī
naṭācārye tasmin naṭitum iva dṛṣṭim samatanot ||22||

Aho! Aroused by the nectar of Vṛndā's prayers, Rādhā trembled with a great thirst to dance the dance of amorous love. The dancer of amorous desire arose within Her. Yearning to dance, She glanced at the dancing-master Kṛṣṇa.

viśākhā tu sneha-snapana-kṛta-romaṅca-vilasad-
vapus tām āliṅgya stava-racita-hrī-śrī-smita-vṛtām |
sa-hāsaṁ dṛg-bhaṅgyā giri-dharam upālabhya sahasam
vinodair vṛndāyāḥ śirasi sumano-vṛṣṭim akarot ||23||

Viśākhā, showered by affection and the hairs of her body erect with joy, embraced slightly smiling Rādhā, who became shy from hearing Vṛndā's prayers. With joking words and crooked glances Viśākhā rebuked Giridhārī, and happily showered flowers on Vṛndā's head.

etan-madhura-varṇanākarnanena svāntas toṣaṁ bahir vihasya sotprāsaṁ kṛṣṇaḥ
punar āha—
tvad-āler aṅgālī mama kamana-vṛndāvana-tanoḥ
sad-aṅgānām kuñjādika-rucira-nāmnām ruci-dhanam |

dhruvaṁ hr̥tvā mlānaṁ prakāṣaṁ akarot taṁ katham imam
idānīm sārūpya-stavana-miṣato rakṣasi śaṭhe ||24||

Hearing this sweet description of Rādhā, Kṛṣṇa became very pleased within. Externally, however, He laughed and spoke the following mocking words:

"O liar! The limbs of your sakhi Rādhā have stolen the shining wealth of the forest bowers and other places in My charming Vṛndāvana and made it fade and wilt! How will you protect your sakhi with this ruse of claiming that She is identical with Vṛndāvana forest?"

tavālyā evaṁ ced ati guṇa-gaṇā mat-priya-vanād
api śreṣṭhaḥ suṣṭhu dhruvaṁ iha bhavanti sphuṭam amī |
tadā tucchaṁ puṣpaṁ katham apaharet seyam athavā
sva-bhāvaś caurāṇāṁ para-dhana-jighṛkṣur na hi calet ||25||

"If Rādhā's virtues far exceed the glory of Vṛndāvana, then why is She stealing insignificant flowers here? She is a thief by nature, and She never gives up Her natural tendency to steal others' property!"

prakāraiś chāyāto yad ati-vara-bimbāsyā mahimā-
nam uccair visphārya smarasi mayi rādhāṁ vitaritum |
katham tat syād yasmāt pati-para-vaśeyam tata imaṁ
sa ced ārād dadyād bhavati mama tarhy eva mamatā ||26||

"By glorifying Rādhā and claiming that Her beauty is reflected in Vṛndāvana, I think you are trying to give Her to Me. But how is this possible? Rādhā is very chaste and faithful to Her husband. Unless he comes here personally and gives Her to Me, how can Rādhā become Mine?"

etad-vicitra-raṅgocchalita-vāg-bhaṅgi-vilāsa-sudhā-svardhunī-taraṅgenottarālī-
kr̥ta-hṛd-vṛtti-dṛḍha-naukaṁ śrī-rādhāṁ sa-smitam alokayantīṣu sarvāsu sa-
smitam lalitā lalāpa—

pipāsārthaḥ kaścit kṣudita-vivaśo vartmani calan
maru-kṣetre kṣārodakam alabhamāno 'pi virasam |

svayambhū-saṁstavyaṁ hari-pura-vara-sthām api sudhām
prapātuṁ drāg icchan jagati kila hāsyāspadam abhūt ||27||

Kṛṣṇa's amazing, delightful, and clever words, which were like playful waves of the nectarean celestial Gangā river, rocked the firm boat of Rādhā's heart. Seeing this, all the gopīs began to smile and Lalitā, also smiling, spoke the following words:

"If a thirsty traveler in the desert who is unable to get even a drop of tasteless salty water to quench his thirst, aspires to drink the heavenly nectar praised by Lord Brahmā and available only in Indra's abode, then that person becomes a laughingstock in this world."

tato rasika-śekharam vraja-rāja-kumāram sa dṛg-añcala-vibhrameṇa pasyanti
sakhīḥ prati śrī-rādhā vyajahāra—
sphuṭaṁ kālī śaibyā camara-vanitā madhyama-vadhūr
mahā-padmā padmā parama-ruci-kṛt-kāmada-kucā |
varā ṣaṣṭhī candrāvalir api lased yasya mahiṣī
katham tasyāpy anyā bhavatu bhuvi योग्या nava-vadhūḥ ||28||

Then Rādhā, casting a restless glance from the corners of Her eyes at Nanda-nandana, who is the crown of all who know how to taste nectar, said the following words to Her sakhīs:

"How can any other girl on this earth be qualified to become the wife of this person, who has a great and beautiful queen like goddess Ṣaṣṭhī Candrāvalī, whose second wife is the most beautiful great lotus flower Padmā, whose breasts inflame Him with lusty desires, and whose junior wives are Kālī and Śaibyā? Why does He need any other mistresses?"

tā-chravaṇato roṣeṇaiva sātopaṁ tāsāṁ vāsana-hārādikam ādātum upasarpati
śrī-vrajendra-nandane sphuṭaṁ eva campakalatā solluṇṭham avadīt
vane phulle cillātaka-patir ayaṁ bādham asakṛt
satīr asmān prītyā paricarati bhogādi-kusumaiḥ |
iti śrī-vṛttāntaṁ niṣamayitum āryāṁ diśa nṛpe
yathā śṛṇvann asmai srajam iha sukhaṁ preṣayati saḥ ||29||

When Vrajendra-nandana heard these words, He pretended to be angry and boldly approached the gopīs to take their garments and necklaces. Then Campakalatā ironically said the following words:

"We must inform the king that in this blossoming forest a certain leader of thieves again and again worships us pious girls with flowers, and gives us all sorts of pleasures. When the king hears this, he will happily send Him a nice garland."

iti campakalatā-lapitam avadhārya smitvā sa-śīro-dhunānam uvāca kṛṣṇaḥ—
nṛpendreṇaivārād apana-vipinasyāvana-kṛte
niyuḥyāsmān śaśvad yad uta gaditaṁ tā chṛṇuta bhoḥ |
nijo vā bāhyo vā harati ya ihāsyāpi galitaṁ
dalam vā puṣpaṁ vā harata kila tad-vastra-padakam ||30||

When Kṛṣṇa heard Campakalatā's words He smiled, shook His head, and spoke the following words:

"The emperor has ordered Me to always protect this priceless forest. Bho! Listen to what the king told Me: "If anyone, either a citizen of our country, or even a foreigner, picks even a single fallen leaf or flower here, then You must at once confiscate his clothing and necklaces!"

ato 'haṁ yuṣmākaṁ maṇi-vasana-hārādikaṁ idaṁ
balenaivāluñcya pramada-bharato yāmi sadanam |
na manyadhve puṣpāṅkura-dala-hṛtiṁ cen nanu tadā
vicāraṁ nīvinām api kuca-paṭānām vitarata ||31||

"Therefore, I will now forcibly take your jewels, garments, necklaces, and other valuables, and then I will happily return home. And if you say, "We didn't steal any flowers, sprouts or leaves!", then I will first check that by thoroughly searching your belts and bodices!"

iti solluṅṭham ābhāṣya sodgrīvam udvīkṣya aye dhruvam etā guṇavatyo nīvyah
para-dravyaṁ na rakṣayiṣyanta eva kintu kaṭhiṇeṣv eteṣv eva tal-lakṣaṇaṁ
lakṣyate | tathā hi—
urojān ucchūnān yad abhikalayāmy adya divasāt

parasmāt tasmān me kusuma-kula-mātraiva bhavitā |
ato jijñāsor me sva-kara-milane doṣa iha vo
bhavec cen mat-sparśāt svayam akapaṭaṁ prekṣayata tān ||32||

After speaking these joking words, Kṛṣṇa stuck out His neck, looked at the gopīs and said:

"Ayi! Your belts are guṇavatī (bound with a string or endowed with good qualities), and they will never take another's property, but these firm, raised breasts show signs of concealing something, and I am eager to know if you have hidden My flowers there! O beautiful girls! I see that your breasts are bigger today than on other days, therefore My flowers must be hidden under your bodices! If you think that it is wrong of Me to place My hands on your breasts, then just honestly open your bodices and show that you are not hiding anything under them!"

tad-anantaraṁ bhaṅgyā śrī-rādhā-nīvyām eva sandeham ivodbhavya tasyām
drṣṭim nikṣipyā aho nyāyā ity uccair ābhāṣya rādhām praty uvāca—
rādhe tvaṇ-nava-nīvikā guṇamayī sādhvīti sādhvī-guṇaiḥ
sa-ślāghaṁ parigīyate yad iha tat-solluṇṭham eva sphuṭam |
yad-drṣṭeḥ kṛpayā drutaṁ nividato bandhād vimuktāpy asau
tām evādya dṛḍhaṁ sadātma-savidhe nītvā babandha svayam ||33||

After that, Kṛṣṇa looked doubtfully at Rādhā's belt, exclaimed "Very good!" and then spoke to Her:

"O Rādhā, the saintly gopīs jokingly glorify Your new belt, proclaiming it to be guṇamayī (bound with a string or very virtuous and saintly), but this is just a false praise! This belt has loosened its tight bondage simply by the grace of My liberating glance, but now it attracts My glance and binds it tightly to itself!"

bhoḥ paśyata paśyata kṛtāghnyo 'nayā nīvyā dambha-vṛttim ācārya mat-surabhi-
puṣpāṇi svādhastād rakṣitāni santi yato romāvalī nāma bhramara-paṅktis tat-
saurabhyam anubhūya tad anusaranti vartate. etad-ākarmaṇena bhrū-bhaṅgyā
tam ākṣipyā gṛhāya gacchantyām balāt kṛṣṇena vyāghotitāyām rādhāyām
tuṅgavidyābravīt—

śaṭhendra tvam śaśvat padakam api hartum vadasi yat
tad asmābhiḥ soḍham nṛpa-sutatayā samprati śrṇu |
samastāḥ sambhūya hriyam iha vihāya priyatamām
grahiṣyāmo 'vaśyam vayam api tavācchidya muralīm ||34||

"Bho! Look! Look! This ungrateful and wicked belt has cheated Me! I know the flowers stolen from My forest must be hidden under this belt! I see under it what at first appears to be a line of hairs, but what I know in fact to be a swarm of black bees. These bees must have gathered here because they were attracted by the sweet fragrance of the stolen flowers!"

When Rādhā heard these words She frowned Her eyebrows and angrily headed towards home, but Kṛṣṇa stopped Her. Tuṅavidyā then said to Kṛṣṇa:

"O king of cheaters! Because You said You would take only our necklaces, we have tolerated all these words only because You are the king's son. But now listen. We will now give up all our shyness and hesitation and take away from You Your dear flute!"

tataḥ śrī-kṛṣṇaḥ sa-darpam upadiśann ivāha—
aham sakhye dakṣaṣ catura-yuva-rājo vraja-pure
svakam vṛndāraṇyam vikasad abhirakṣāmy avivaśaḥ
pradāyārād anka-srajam anugatā mat-karuṇayā
samastā hitvaitām apasarata caurīm cala-sakhīm ||35||

Then Kṛṣṇa proudly instructed the gopīs:

"O sakhīs, I am a very friendly and intelligent young prince of Vraja-pura, and I carefully guard My blossoming forest of Vṛndāvana. You should all give up your independence and hang a garland on My chest, after which You can leave by My grace, leaving your fickle sakhi Rādhā, who is a thief, with Me!"

evam ākarṇya lalitāntaḥ suṣṭhu pramuditā sākuṭa-bhaṅgyāha—
punar garvaṁ kuryān na hi viṭa śaṭhāsmat-pura iha
vrajasyaitasyālaṁ catura-yuva-rājo 'ham iti bhoḥ |
yad eṣā tvat-sevya-smara-nuta-rasendra-priya-sakhī
mahā-rañjī caṇḍā tvad-upari ca rāgāt pratapati ||36||

When Lalitā heard this she became very happy at heart, but pretended to rebuke Kṛṣṇa with the following clever words:

"O rake! O cheater! You glorify Yourself, saying "I am very intelligent prince of Vraja." Bho! Don't be so proud! The great queen Rādhā, who is praised even by Your worshipable master Kāmadeva, the king of rasa, can also become very angry and show You Her might!"⁷

kuṭīla-dṛṣṭyā sa-hāsa-lajjayā tām avalokayantīm śrī-rādhām prati śrī-kṛṣṇo
vyajahāra—
mudhā-vādaṁ rādhe na sṛja nija-mattāli-lapanād
vraje śuddhā sādhvī yad asi tad idaṁ vācṇi vinayaiḥ |
tvam etā hitvogrā vana-kara-kṛte mahyam acirāt
prasādaṁ dattvā te rucira-śuci-mālām vraja gṛham ||37||

When Rādhā heard Lalitā's words, She looked at her with a crooked glance and a shy smile. Then Kṛṣṇa said the following words:

"O Rādhā, don't argue with Me anymore, misled by the words of Your maddened sakhīs! You are the most chaste and saintly girl in Vraja. Give up the company of these cruel girls and come with Me. Enter into this bower and mercifully give Me Your shining flower garland as a forest tax!"⁸

tā chrutvā sa-bhrū-bhaṅgaṁ śrī-rādhā bhaṅgyāha—
tvam āsām vaidagdhī-ghaṭita-vapuṣām saṁsadi madān
na cemaṁ bhaṅgy-ākhyām kunaṭa-kunatīm nāṭaya vṛthā |
vanād asmād gatvā svakam ucita-bhaṇḍatvam acirān
nija-sthānī-madhye racaya nivasan bhaṇḍa-sakhibhiḥ ||38||

Hearing this, Rādhā knitted Her eyebrows and spoke the following crooked words:

⁷ The last part of this verse is ambiguous and may also be understood to mean "Rādhā has become inflamed (pratapati) with amorous desire (rāgāt). She is more agitated than You (tvad-upari)!"

⁸ The word "śuci" also means "love". "O Rādhā! Enter into this forest bower and mercifully give Me Your loving embrace!"

"O bad actor! Don't let the bad actress of Your words dance any longer in this assembly of very intelligent sakhīs! Quickly leave this forest, go to Your clown friends and fool around with them!"

tataḥ kṛṣṇaḥ smitvā sa-sauṭīryam uvāca—
vraje 'smañ-juṣṭānnāśana-nirata-kīnāśa-vanitāḥ
kurudhve me naṣṭāṁ prakāṣam aṭavīm kasya balataḥ |
idānīm tā-chāntīm bata jhaṭīti labdhum giri-pater
guhākārāgāraṁ ghanatara-tamiśraṁ praviśata ||39||

Kṛṣṇa then smiled and proudly said:

"O gopīs who are subsisting on our foodremnants, who has given you the power to destroy My forest? To pacify the ruler of this place you must now enter the very dark cave of the king of mountains!"

tad ākarṇya sa-smita-garvaṁ viśākhābravīt—
bhavādr̥k-sampūjyojjvala-kulavad etat pitṛ-padaiḥ
svayaṁ dattā yasmai nava-kamalinīyaṁ guṇavatī |
aho sarva-śreṣṭhaḥ sa ca tava vitasyāpi kṛṣakas
tathocchiṣṭa-prāśī prathita-jaṭilā-sūnur abhavat ||40||

Hearing this, Viśākhā smiled and proudly spoke the following words:

"Aho! O rake! Do You claim that Abhimanyu, the son of Jaṭilā, to whom Rādhā's very noble father gave his lotus-like daughter in marriage, has become the eater of the foodremnants of a cowherd like You?"

sadā padmā-puṣṭādhara-galita-mādhvika-dhayanān
nikāmaṁ śyāmātmā bhavasi yad api drāg api tathā |
vicārya tvaṁ sādhvī-nuta-guṇa-vidhum mātula-vadhūm
bhajemām atra syāt kiṭava śiva-lābhas tava yathā ||41||

"O cheater! By continually drinking the mādhvika nectar flowing from the full lips of Padmā, You have become contaminated. Therefore, now You should

worship Your mother's aunt Jaṭilā, who is like the moon of virtues, praised by all chaste girls. Thus You will attain all auspiciousness!"

tā chrutvā sa-narma-bhaṅgyoktyā davīyaḥ-sambandham khyāpayan kṛṣṇaḥ
sā dram ālalāpa—
asāv asman-mātur janayitr-prasū-pautra-vanitety
alam jñātam yasmin kṣaṇa iha sadainam tadavadhi |
namāmi dhyāyāmi drutam anusarāmi vraja-pure
grahītuṁ sat-kāmāśiṣam atitarāṁ bhakti-vinataḥ ||42||

Hearing this, Kṛṣṇa described His distant relationship with Jaṭilā with feigned reverence in the following crooked words:

"At every moment I meditate on and humbly bow down before My mother's aunt. To attain her saintly blessings I humbly follow her footsteps in Vraja-pura!"

udañcan-mañjira-dhvani-sahacarī-sañcaya-juṣaś
calantya rādhāyāḥ prakāṭita-ruṣaḥ śrī-giridharaḥ |
girīndrāt pārīndrādhika-gatir upetyāśu nakharair
gajendrodyat-kumbha-dvayam iva dadāra stana-yugam ||43||

Just as a powerful lion from the king of mountains attacks with its claws the frontal lobes of a maddened regal elephant, Giridhārī quickly approached Rādhā, whose anklets loudly jingled, and ferociously attacked Her breasts with His hands.

idaṁ rādhā-kṛṣṇojjvala-kusuma-keli-kali-madhu
priyālī-narmālī-parimala-yutaṁ yasya bhajanāt |
mamāndhasyāpy etad-vacana-madhupenālpa-gatinā
manāg ghrātaṁ tan me gatir atula-rūpānghrija-rajāḥ ||44||

By worshipping Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī, the limping bumblebee of the words of me, a blind man, is now able to smell a little of the fragrance of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa's honey-like playful and splendid flower-quarrel pastimes, which are filled with the sweet fragrance of the joking words of Rādhā's friends. The dust from the feet of the incomparable Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī is the goal of my life.

Epilogue
(from *Ujjvala-nīlamanī* 7.87, *Śrī Rūpa Gosvāmī*)

tvam asi mad-āsavo bahiś carantas
tvayi mahatī paṭutā ca vāgmitā ca |
laghur api laghimā na me yathā syān
mayi sakhi rañjaya mādhaveṇ tathādyā ||

“O sakhi! You are My life-breath outside My body. You are also very clever and eloquent. Therefore today you must make Mādhava attached to Me in such a way that My prestige is not even slightly diminished!”

Ānanda Candrikā-ṭīkā, Śrī Viśvanātha Cakravartī Ṭhakkura:

Rādhā said to Viśākhā: “You are the external manifestation of My life-air. I have great faith in you. You are very clever and eloquent. On the pretext of picking flowers you should wander in the forest and unseen by Kṛṣṇa come near Him. While He is listening, speak about Me casually with your sakhīs, describing the supremacy of My form and love. When Kṛṣṇa comes close He will ask, “Sakhi, whose wonderful sweetness are you describing?” Then you should pretend to be embarrassed and answer, “No one’s!”

“Sakhi, why are you afraid? There is no harm in telling Me! All right, don’t tell Me. I already know Her anyway!”

“Mādhava, what’s the use of knowing Her for You?”

“Sakhi, that is a great secret!”

“O Mādhava, go away! There’s too much difference between you two! There can’t be any intimacy between you!”

“Sakhi, what difference is there between us?”

“Mādhava, You are lusty for girls. She is a chaste wife. You are fickle. She is most peaceful. You are devoid of religious acts. She worships demigods. You are impure and She bathes three times a day, after which She puts on clean clothes and ornaments.”

“Sakhi! I'm a brahmacārī, and Durvāsa Muni can testify it. I'm not fickle! The fact that I held Govardhana Hill with one hand for seven whole days is proof of this. By the order of My father, I have taken initiation into Viṣṇu-mantra from guru Śrī Bhāguri. You can ask Gārgī, Nāndīmukhī and Paurṇamāsī about it. I'm the personification of purity! You know this from your own experience.”

“Mādhava, but You are a male and She is from a noble, virtuous family. She will never look at You!”

“Sakhi, She doesn't have to look at Me! I will be blessed by looking at this virtuous girl even from afar!”

“O Mādhava! How can that be done?”

“Sakhi, I will establish a deity of the sun-god today in a cave temple at Govardhana Hill. After cleaning the temple with My own hands I will remain at a distance. You should bring Her to see and worship that deity. When She enters to perform pūjā I will be successful just by looking at Her from behind. And if you will be merciful to Me, O beautiful girl, then with your permission I will enter there unnoticed and gently touch the ground that She touched with Her feet!”

“O Mādhava! What reward will You give me?”

“Sakhi, I will sell Myself to you! What else can I give?”

“Mādhava! Be peaceful. I will fulfill all Your desires!”

Rādhā said: “After saying this, come and take Me there.”

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